

## EL PASO HERALD

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## COMPLAINTS.

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## Heavy Cost Of Poor Roads

IT COSTS more than three times as much to haul one ton of farm produce over country roads one mile in this country than the same service costs on European highways. England with 150,000 miles of road spends almost as much every year upon them as the United States spends on 2,155,000 miles of road. The United States today has less paved highway than England, and, after spending \$2,000,000,000 in 30 years on roads, we have very little to show except trails that add \$250,000,000 to the cost of transporting farm produce from the farm to the railroad track. That figure represents approximately the cost of our present neglect and the saving that might be made in the cost of living without injuring anybody or reducing anybody's profits. The added cost of hauling farm produce, due to badly improved roads, is mainly in the items of time consumed by man and beast and the wear and tear of vehicles; there is also an important item of deterioration in the produce itself, especially in the case of perishables. The railroads haul the products of the country for less than 1-25th the cost of ordinary highway transportation.

B. F. Youkum, chairman of the board of the Frisco railroad and a profound student of economic and transportation questions, put the fundamental truth in a little nugget easy to remember. He says: "Thus to insure a fair return upon the constantly appreciating value of land, the amount of crops per acre must be increased and the cost of hauling to the railroad station reduced."

H. E. Huntington, head of the great electric traction system of Los Angeles, has the right idea when he refuses to extend his lines into newly opened out-lying sections unless good roads are first built through those sections to afford ordinary access and facilities of traffic. His idea is that where there are good roads, business and people will follow, and he regards first class highways as in no sense competitive to his railroads, but quite the contrary, as the most efficient aid to building up his properties.

Half the states in the union are administering their roads business under the same road laws as prevailed in England when America was a British colony. This system of road administration provides for the payment of road taxes partly in labor, and the work is under the supervision of minor local overseers without skill or knowledge of road building. It is only in the states that have broken away from the old system that any marked progress in road administration can be discerned.

It is time to advance the general movement for state and national aid in building highways. The national government has power to construct great through lines of traffic across the continent and a system of national highways ought to be planned. Every state in the union should adopt a definite and consistent plan of state aid in building main highways and state cooperation in the engineering department for local work of comparatively minor importance.

Good roads are to any locality what a good circulation of the blood is to the human body. They are the first step in developing any region and to lessen the cost of highway transportation is "conservation" of a most important variety, for it avoids waste, harms no one, and benefits everybody.

"Every Man His Own Santa Claus" is the title of the most popular book—some merely call it a check book.

## Wonderful Worldwide Search

AMONG the varied activities of the agricultural department none is more generally interesting than the worldwide search which is being carried on for plants and varieties best qualified to resist drought, alkali, frost, fungus, and insect pests. The department is sending men into the remotest corners of the earth to hunt for the wild relatives of cultivated plants and for native growths acclimatized under conditions similar to those found in many parts of this country.

Among the most important discoveries are the original wild peach in northern China, which is now being used with success as a root stock in the northern part of the peach belt where frost is a menace and also in the more arid portion of the country as a drought resistant; and a drought resistant wheat has been found in Palestine from which great possibilities are looked for in developing the wheat growing industry in the arid states. One exploring party in Asia has discovered a great many interesting things, including a variety of alfalfa from Erivan, which is said to be longer lived than the Turkistan variety experimented with in the Caucasus; a species of Medicago from an altitude of over 4000 feet, which is already being utilized in the work of creating new hybrid alfalfas for the northwest; a wild almond from the Zaratashan valley, found growing on the dry mountain sides at an altitude of 6000 feet, which may prove to be a desirable stock for stone fruits; a drought-resistant cherry for home gardens in the northwest and for use as a dwarfing stock, from the mountains near Samarkand; a collection of apricots with sweet kernels from the same region; the Afghan apple and special varieties of pears for trial in the Gulf states; some remarkably hardy olives which have withstood zero temperatures and still borne good crops of fruit; late and early varieties of Caucasian peaches for trial in the southwest; seeds collected in the Caucasus from wild plants of the true Paradise apple, which is used as a dwarfing stock, for the purpose of obtaining seedlings not infested with crown-gall; scions of a newly produced crab apple, reported to be a better keeper than American crab apples; the Siew Abrikose, a variety of apricot with a skin as smooth as that of a nectarine; seed of the Karakatch tree, a Turkistan elm, for the hot, dry sections of the United States; a remarkable drought-resistant poplar for the middle west; a wild strawberry, fruiting at the end of February on the dry calcareous cliffs of the Caucasus, of possible use to strawberry breeders; a collection of hardy table-grape varieties from the Caucasus, some of which are reported to possess very unusual keeping qualities; and varieties of Asia Minor wheat and a collection of cereals from the oases of Samarkand, Old Bokhara, and Merv. The hardy yellow-flowered alfalfa which were obtained from central Asia have already been crossed with the hardiest of the blue-flowered forms, and the resulting crosses have proved their unusual hardiness and are now being investigated to determine their value to the farmers of the northwest.

It costs \$20,000,000 a year to run the agricultural department and nobody begrudges the money, for the activities of the department repay to the country in dollars and cents many times the cost. One is impressed, however, in reading the report of the secretary of agriculture, with the absurd disproportion between the amount spent on promoting the health of hogs and grapevines, and the amount spent on promoting more directly the health of human beings. There should be in connection with the national government a bureau or department almost as extensive and thorough in its scope as the agricultural department which should have to do with promoting the health and welfare of the human race along every line of governmental activity. No other civilized nation in the world is as neglectful of the health and physical welfare of the people as is the United States, and in proportion to our resources we ought to take the lead in all work of this kind.

A man can live a politician all his life and die honest and respectable—some of them do.

Somebody could have played a good joke by pulling the fire alarm box last night—the volunteers were holding their annual turkey and celery fest.

## UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

THE man who ably edits the Bombast Magazine is running a department that makes his rivals green. His little "Chats With Readers," in confidential style, would make a graven image kick up its heels and smile. He says: "This publication is simply out of sight; our stories are the dingedest that novelists can write. Our pictures take the cookie, the sandwich and the bun, our poetry's the blamdest that ever bards have spun."

## THE MODEST EDITOR

We're planning corking features, too, to make our rivals gray; we've spent five million dollars to plait the Milky Way; we've sent our Mr. Faker to sea in a balloon. We've sent our Mr. Biker to travel round the moon; our gifted Mr. Baker, with pen and monkey-wrench, is digging up the moon heaps and raising quite a stench; and we have tripping stories in bundles and in sheaves, to prove that all our statements are common chicken thieves. It never was our custom our Vital Plans to flaunt, but we are spending millions to get the stuff you want; we're raking in the gutters, we're pawing in the sink, we're burning up our money for kegs of scarlet ink. We'll bust our last suspender in earnest, fervid haste to entertain the people and elevate their taste."

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## Beatrice Fairfax Says Don't Talk Of Your Woes

TWO women met in the corridor of a hotel. "How do you do?" cried one. "I am so glad to see you; how are you?"

Before five minutes had passed, she wished she had left out the last clause in her greeting.

I know she did, for I overheard the conversation, and such a string of woes and ills I have seldom listened to. "Well, I can't say I'm very well," said the second woman, and then she began: "If that woman has all the ills she has claim to, she ought to be buried claim to, she ought by rights to be dead and buried."

The Interminable Tale. At first her companion showed a friendly interest, then she looked faintly bored, then she looked deadly bored. She tried several times to escape, but just as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest a listener to his tale, so did the lady of the many ills hold her friend.

At last the latter broke away, and I am sure it will be many a long day ere she again asks that woman how she feels.

No doubt this woman had a good many ailments, but it would have been wiser to have kept them to herself.

The World Uninterested. One of the hardest lessons we human beings have to learn is that the world in general is not interested in our woes and ills.

There is a certain melancholy joy in

relating a long list of ailments and misfortunes.

Haven't you often heard a woman exclaim with gusto, "And not only that, my dear, the worst is still to come," etc., etc.

Even though you do feel rather miserable, don't say so.

Of course, this does not apply to your own family; though even they will grow weary if the tale is repeated too often.

The Smiler's Value. But do not wait to the world at large. Present a smiling face as long as you can.

Did you ever see the picture of "Smiling Joe," the little consumptive who was strapped to a board night and day for several years? He made himself famous by his sunny cheerfulness and beautiful smile.

When people ask you the conversation, "How do you do," they neither expect nor care to hear a recital of your ills.

Here is a little bit of advice: Don't talk too much about yourself, and don't be provincial to be critical. Those who are not used to having much are usually the most critical.

If you must talk about yourself, talk about your joys, not your woes.

Your friends will grow tired of too large a dose, even of the former, but they can stand that better than the latter.

If you really are not well, say so, but spare them the details.

## A BASHFUL SUITOR

(By Evelyn Broholm.)

JOHAN LARSON was terribly bashful, and when after many deliberations he made up his mind to marry, he could think of no other way of proposing than through an advertisement. Not because he did not know several ladies whom he would have liked to make Mrs. Larson, but his bashfulness was so strong that the very idea that his friends might discover his intentions and laugh at him made him shiver.

He was at that time 34 years old, quite good looking and of a very gentle disposition. He was the owner of considerable real estate and at the head of a good business, and all he needed to make a happy home, was a good wife.

But, try as he might, he found it impossible to write a suitable advertisement.

"I do not want an old wife," he said to himself, "but of course I cannot advertise that I want a pretty young girl—and pretty she must be. And as for the rest, she must be refined, musical, amiable and fond of home life. No, I cannot do it. It is ever found out that the advertisement was mine, I should be unhappy for the rest of my life."

For two days he hesitated, but at last decided to ask the advice of a lady he knew, a young widow, who had often sympathized with his lonely life. It was strange that he, who was so bashful, should turn to a woman who would have been delighted to become Mrs. Larsen, but strangely enough he never thought of this. Mrs. Jensen was an old friend of his, whom he had known from the time when she was a little girl and he could think of no one else to help him out of this dilemma. When she was only 19 she had been married to a man who had died three months later. She was now 25 and a very handsome woman.

She received him cordially and he immediately brought up the subject, being sure he would lose courage if he put it off.

"I want to ask your advice in a very important matter. I did not know anybody else whom I could talk to about it, and I promise to follow your advice in everything, if you will help me."

The widow declared she would be delighted to help him if she could. "The thing is this," he began, "I have made up my mind to marry, and as I know—as I know, that you—"

"Yes," said the widow softly.

"As I know that you have more experience in these matters, and are so good, to kind—"

"Yes," she whispered and moved closer to him. "And—"

"And so disinterested."

"She sent him a glance full of reproach."

"So I thought I would ask your advice in regard to the woman I should marry."

Mrs. Jensen stared at him all confused. Did he not want to propose to her then?

"And who is the lady," she asked rather frigidly.

"Well you see—I don't really know."

"No," he said quickly, "I am afraid it will cause a lot of gossip when a bachelor of my age marries, and I would like to avoid that."

"Larsen firmly believed he was too old to marry. The widow did not share his opinion and said so quite plainly."

"But all my friends think so," he objected. "They would make fun of me, and that is why I have decided to advertise for a wife."

The widow was dumbfounded. "And what do you want me to do?"

"Help me to write the advertisement, if you will be so kind to follow your advice."

Mrs. Jensen was greatly disappointed. She had done her best to capture this man and the only impression she had made was one which made him look upon her as a sister whose advice he wanted to ask. Now he wanted her to tell him whom he ought to marry! She had a very distinct opinion on that subject, but of course it would never do to say what she thought. She must use strategy.

## The Herald's Daily Short Story

"Well," she began, "what kind of a wife do you want?"

That was just the difficulty. He studied the pattern of the carpet, the ceiling, the stove, and at last turned his eyes on the widow, and looked at her closely. For the first time in his life he realized she was beautiful.

"I really can't tell you just what kind of wife I want. The whole thing is so stupid."

"Well," said the widow, who seemed to have had an inspiration. "I will make some suggestions, and you can say whether they suit you or not."

"Quite as you want a young, old or middle aged wife?"

"Young, I think."

"But what do you call young. A girl of 16, I suppose."

"Right, then."

"Older still. I am twice that age, you know."

"Oh, are you? Well what age do you want then?"

"How old are you? Oh, I beg your pardon, I meant—"

The widow smiled.

"I do not care if you know my age. It is about the same as yours. I am 34 years old."

"Just like your wife," she said gaily.

Larsen was sure of it.

"That was the first point. How as to her appearance. Is she to be slim or stout?"

"I don't think I would say anything about that. It looks so—it is rather difficult. I do not like women who are either too slim or too stout."

"What will I put then?"

Larsen looked about the room and came to the conclusion that Mrs. Larsen's figure would be just about what he wanted in a wife to have.

"Just like your wife," he said.

"But how am I to put that down," she laughed. "What, am I?"

"You are an angel."

"Then suppose I put angelic figure."

"No, no! We will not put anything at all."

"And she is to be pretty?"

"Yes."

"Like me to, I suppose," she asked roguishly.

"Is it? And is she to be musical?"

He did not know what to answer and walked impatiently up and down. The widow left him to himself and slipped away into the next room. She knew he would be back with the sweetest voice he had heard for a long time she sang a simple little ballad, that brought tears to his eyes. Oh, if only she were his wife!

Mrs. Jensen came back.

"Well, have you made up your mind," she asked.

"Yes, I must have a wife who is musical."

"But every young girl will say she is."

"What am I to do then?"

"Marry one who really is musical."

"Oh, that terrible bashfulness! He was madly in love with her, but he dared not speak out."

"But I do not care for any musical lady—except one," he stammered at last.

"Then ask her."

"She won't have me."

"How do you know, when you have never asked her?"

"She is far too good for me."

"That is so unlikely."

But suppose she did, would you object to her telling you?"

"No, but she won't. I am afraid I'll have to give it up entirely."

"Oh, I would be so glad if I could help you. You are too good to lead such a lonesome life."

"It is too nice of you to say so. But I must be going. I have intruded too long already."

"No, wait a moment. Perhaps I can help you after all," she said with a blush. "You said you would like a wife who resembled me."

"Yes."

"But why don't you ask me then?"

And he did.

## CONSTITUTIONAL CONFERENCE WHICH ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING

It Had No Standing in Law But Was Given Confidence of People.

THE armistice between the two battling parties in British politics, which followed the death of Edward VII, cooled the passions of men on both sides and led to a general desire to settle the controversy between the two houses of parliament by compromise. The party leaders agreed to confer and they selected four radicals representing the ministry and four Tories representing the opposition and gave them plenary powers to treat. This unofficial commission to decide the fate of the constitution of the greatest nation on earth had no standing in law, but with the spirit of confidence in public servants so characteristic of the British people, practice was stopped. It was a truce of God. With charming simplicity the British empire delegated its future to eight men and called them The Conference. Sometimes someone would say "Constitutional Conference," but usually the one word with its capital "C" was sufficient.

No Chance for Agreement. The conference met 22 times. Not a word leaked out of the council chamber. The whole thing was waited breathlessly for the decision, but it also waited patiently and with confidence. The British people were divided into two camps and each camp was represented in the parity by four men. As a matter of fact there was not the slightest chance of agreement. A question under consideration was fundamental. If one of the four radicals had wavered, the democracy of the nation would have torn him limb from limb. If one of the Tories had capitulated in the slightest material matter, the aristocracy of Britain would have drunk his blood.

Finally the end came. The prime minister announced through the press in type of type the fact that the conference had come to no agreement. The truce was ended and matters were back where they stood when death claimed Edward VII and elevated George V. to the throne. The Liberal government was unwilling to proceed to its business of legislation unless it was assured that it had a chance of passing its measures into law. With the house of lords controlled by an overwhelming majority of Tories there was no such chance under the existing constitution. The commons had won before the people in their intention that they might control the money bills. But the government was not content to go on unless its powers were enlarged so that it might consider other lines of legislation with some reasonable hope of success. The parliament reassembled and the veto bill was brought out.

Prime Minister Announces Result. The prime minister, with that directness impossible in an American statesman, said to the commons that the conference had failed and that there was no use of keeping up the farce any longer. Either the people's chosen representatives had the right and power to legislate or they did not have that right and power. The bill giving them that power, subject to a veto by the commons, was sent to the upper chamber, was sent to the lords. The lords ignored the bill and countered by proposing a scheme for the

reform of the upper chamber, voluntarily abandoning the hereditary principle in part and making sweeping concessions with respect to the form of their house. But their concessions were not such as to convince the Liberals that they would result in the control of the house by any other than the aristocratic and plutocratic elements now dominant there. The radicals desired to end, not mend, the second chamber in its present character. So the lords passed their "reform" resolutions and the commons passed their "veto" bill, each house ignored the action of the other and the king, by advice of his ministers, dissolved the parliament and the campaign for a general election was on.

Personnel of Conference. In the conference the Liberals were represented by three commons and a peer, the Conservatives by two peers and two commons. The Radical members were Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd-George, Lord Crewe and Mr. Birrell. The Tory conference were Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cawdor and Austen Chamberlain. But whether peers or commons, the eight men divided, as Englishmen will, with reference to the substance and not the form of things. Lord Crewe, judged by his record as the leader of the government in the house of lords, is well known as a radical. A Democrat, Mr. Asquith, Lord George himself, Mr. Balfour, although a commoner, is of the Cecil blood and an aristocrat who sincerely and honestly believes that the triumph of the democratic forces would mean the end of all that is great and glorious and good in England.

If the conference had had under consideration a political quarrel, a financial question, a social problem, or anything other than a fundamental constitutional issue, there is little doubt but that a compromise would have been reached. The Englishman swears by compromise. It represents the fair play doctrine of give-and-take and it is by a series of compromises that John Bull has cemented the stones of his unmatched national edifice. The British constitution is nothing more than a series of compromises, more often expressed in gentlemen's agreements than in official proclamations. The king is bound to act by the advice of his ministers and the commons a long series of compromises in which the crown gradually gave up one after another of its prerogatives in exchange for the boon of its perpetuation.

The Irish Question. The most difficult purely political problem in British affairs is the Irish question. Ireland has been ruled against its will by the English for a matter of 700 years. A little more than a century ago its separate parliament was extinguished by the treaty of union and its representatives, corrupted by English promises and bribes. Ever since the passage of the "Act of Union" the Irish have been struggling by every means at hand to get back their rights, at least as far as their internal affairs were concerned. In the past half century the nature of their demands has been expressed by their slogan "Home Rule for Ireland." Mr. Gladstone, the great Liberal leader, gradually progressing towards

(Continued on next page.)

stops doing it after marriage that wives decide that marriage is a failure and they have been gold-bricked in the transaction. Ireland has been ruled against its will by the English for a matter of 700 years. A little more than a century ago its separate parliament was extinguished by the treaty of union and its representatives, corrupted by English promises and bribes. Ever since the passage of the "Act of Union" the Irish have been struggling by every means at hand to get back their rights, at least as far as their internal affairs were concerned. In the past half century the nature of their demands has been expressed by their slogan "Home Rule for Ireland." Mr. Gladstone, the great Liberal leader, gradually progressing towards

Then, if you want to fascinate a woman, study their little peculiarities, and pay special heed to their tastes. Make a note of the things that each particular fair one likes. If Julia has a passion for violets, for pity's sake don't give her roses. If Annabelle is fond of violets, and not roses, if Annabelle on chocolates, don't load her down with caramels. Above all, remember the little anniversaries on the observance of which women set such store, for very great shall be your reward if you can always recall the very day and spot where you first met Mary, and Sally, and Susan, and Jane, and Carrie, and Sally, and Betty, and Mabel.

Women Hate Bunglers. Another item in pleasing women is to know how to take care of yourself and the lady. Women hate bunglers; and they loathe going about with them. Therefore, son, if you want to make a woman love you, learn how to dance so that you will not trample all over the feet of your partners. Acquire a decent game of bridge. Practice with your sister, or some amiable female friend, until you can walk behind her down a theater aisle without stepping on the tail of her frock and tearing it off, and hire a good head waiter to instill into you a knowledge of how to order a little dinner or supper that won't bankrupt you or starve the girl.

Don't bluster and don't brag. There is no man for whom a woman has a more profound contempt than she has for the blustering braggart who gets into arguments with the waiters in restaurants, and ushers in theaters, and street car conductors. Nor does it entertain a woman to have to sit up and stifle her yawns while she listens to a man tell how wise, and great, and big he is.

Pay attention to your clothes. Don't delude yourself into the belief that the very minute eye rests on you a woman doesn't know if your collar is too low, and your sleeves too short, and your trousers bag at the knees. Her first look tells her whether you are a promenade with a good coat and a genius, the woman would choose the coat nine times out of ten.

No matter how much you are in love with a woman, never permit yourself to be led by the nose. Between taking a promenade with a good coat and a genius, the woman would choose the coat nine times out of ten. No matter how much you are in love with a woman, never permit yourself to be led by the nose. Between taking a promenade with a good coat and a genius, the woman would choose the coat nine times out of ten. No matter how much you are in love with a woman, never permit yourself to be led by the nose. Between taking a promenade with a good coat and a genius, the woman would choose the coat nine times out of ten.

Finally, try to understand the things in which a woman is interested. Show her sympathy and comprehension. All the great fascinations among men have been men who were intuitive, men with delicate perceptions who could penetrate into the depths of the feminine soul. Nor is this strange. You must have the key to the lock of a woman's heart if you would open it.

## Abe Martin



Lots o' folks confuse bad management with destiny. Th' trouble 'bout a baby in th' house is havin' t' read down town.

## LETTERS To the HERALD

(All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will not be published where such a request is made.)

## HE FOUND AN ERROR!

Editor El Paso Herald: El Paso, Dec. 8.

Do you expect your poor readers to believe your statement, "Take over seven millions to run United States?" See page 19, issue of Wednesday, December 7.

Such a lot of stupid typesetters and head liners you must have!

Over 20 years ago it took nearly a billion to run the United States. We are coming down are we not? Is it Taff's economy or what?

Theo. Saunders.

In Wednesday's Herald there were approximately 110,000 words in the reading matter and advertisements; all this enormous mass of letters and figures had to be edited, set in type, proofread and corrected, and the paper delivered to readers in the space of a few hours. Mr. Saunders finds an error in a head line (a word accidentally left out, as the most casual reader of the article would discover) and grows very